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THE McMASTER MUSE:

Poems

SELECTED FROM "THE McMASTER
UNIVERSITY MONTHLY."

For Private Circulation.

MAY, 1894.

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, WESLEY BUILDINGS.

152730

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THE McMASTER MUSE.

SONNETS.

THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

Like one enchanted, waiting in dark tower
The "fated fairy prince" to break the spell,
A sheath-hid bud all day did darkly dwell.
No morning breeze had kissed it into flower,
Nor had it freedom found through sun or shower ;
World-hidden as a nun in cloistered cell,
Vainly the bold bee strove its sweets to tell,—
A star in daylight veiled, it bode its hour.

At evening's dusk a mist-pearled moonbeam came ;
By love-light wakened, swift the flower soul thrilled,
Slipt its dream robe, shone forth in life fulfilled !
Folding snow petals back from heart of flame,
In sweet amaze it perfumed all the air,
To find itself so blest, the world so fair.

ELIZA P. WELLS.

HEARTSEASE.

A wayworn wand'rer stood without a wall ;
Within were sylvan shades and blossoms rare ;
Summer's soft murmurs mingled on the air
With music and the pleasant rise and fall
Of happy voices, and the wood-bird's call.
"Here were true rest and full farewell to care !
What sesame bring those who enter there ?"
"Not save one humble blossom bear they all."

Alas ! no flower had he but bitter rue,
And so, in quest, far far o'er mountain way
And wild, wide moor and desert grim and grey
He sought, that he one day might enter too.
All vain his search ! Hopeless he turned once more
His sad steps home,—and found it by his door.

ELIZA P. WELLS.

AUTUMN.

With unbound hair and wistful, seer-like gaze,
A Priestess pale, the Spirit of the Year
On woodland shrines, lights her late offerings dear ;
Oaks' smouldering glow and maples' crimson blaze,
Bronzed beech and golden poplars' trembling rays,
Signal on hill and in the glassy mere
Her veiled presence ; while afar and near,
Incense doth rise,—October's dreamy haze.

Fainter and fainter grows the sacrifice,
Whose wind-blown embers tell her hasting end ;
Forlorn she wanders, while the grey clouds rise,
Awaiting the white gift which Heaven shall send,
Till Time shall bear her, with unlingering hand,
To her dim sisters in the Memory-Land.

ELIZA P. WELLS.

DARKNESS AND DAWN.

The Old Year's hours were spent, and in my thought

The New, dark-stoled, was coming on apace.

"Go not, Old Year, I love thy waning grace ;

All thy dear days in patterns fair were wrought,"

I cried, as boding fears my heart distraught.

"Perchance this stranger, with the veiled face,

Brings to my portion sorrow-burdened days,

Whose weight shall crush my cherished hopes to
naught."

This, midnight's mood ; but dawn saw the young year

Robe soft the scarred old earth in sparkling white,

Till pure and fresh it smiled with promise bright.

Then hope's glad chime rang out the knell of fear,

And life's fair future hid the past from view.

"Farewell, Old Year, true hearts must greet the New."

ELIZA P. WELLS.

EVENING.

All day the lake has plained upon the sand,
Flashing with whitening wings adown the beach,
And, like a yearning soul that lacketh speech,
Finding itself cast on a foreign strand ;
Has beckoned from the blue with snow-white hand
That ever seemed for treasure new to reach,
Or, all unheeded, some lost joy beseech
From the still summer sky and dreaming land.

But now the day departs, and all the West
Ablush like some deep-hearted vermeil rose
Whereon a single lustrous dew-drop glows,
Breathes on the tossing wave and brings it rest,
Till, like a weary child with tear-flushed cheek
And gentle sigh, the waters sink to sleep.

ELIZA P. WELLS.

THE PRAIRIES.

Far-stretching earthy seas ye seem that wave
Your wreathing billows to the western skies :
Your flowerets multi-formed of myriad dyes,
Seem stars sea-shadowed that your Maker gave
The mariner, to cheer and brightly pave
His wandering through the trackless deep. There rise
Your solid breakers ; and between them lies,
Deep green, an ocean's trough or dim-sunned cave.

Afar your surge sinks to eternal calm ;
Silent, soul-filling, infinite, sublime :
In vain, "deep calleth unto deep" ; I Am
Hath stilled, transfixed thee, ere all time—
Creative brooding o'er thy wastes—hath said
"Be still ! until the sea gives up its dead."

B. W. N. GRIGG.

SUNSET.

The shadows of the evening are stretched out.

An Adria of clouds yon sunset world !

There azure breakers fall on silvery isles,

There crimson lightnings shoot up from the piles
Of wind-rocked filmy mountains, Titan-hurled.

Revels at sunset on Lake Huron's breast !

There tumbling billows gambol with the mist,

The gold-crowned waves up-leaping to be kissed
By flaunting clouds low-sweeping to the west.

Through vaporous arches decked with misty flowers

Flushed slaves obey the Zephyrs' whispered call,
And vanish 'mid Heaven's myriad cloudy towers ;

Till Phœbus' mute and hoary seneschal
In paradisal vistas him embowers,

And sable tapestries across the heavens fall.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

TWILIGHT.

The light shall not be clear nor dark.

Now drowsy fall the eyelids of the day,

Now nodding to sweet reverie he yields,

Now aimless Fancy wends her tortuous way,

'Mid thoughts and dreams, o'er Amaranthine fields.

Now sighing zephyrs fan Day's paling cheek ;

Now sleepy insects drone him slumber songs ;

Now darkling shadows of the night do speak,

And humid dew-mist to his brow belongs.

Now Gnome and Sylph, and all the fairy throng

In mystic incantation dance around

The twilight field, with merry tinkling song :

Wizard—and baleful witch-fires from the ground

Fright the belated peasant with pale gleams,

And haste his feet across the saving streams.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

NIGHT.

My locks are wet with the drops of the night.

Sweet sleep she wafteth from her waving hems

From all her vesture dipped in cooling dew,

Bejewelled thick with starry diadems

By sighing Zephyr held and pensive muse.

Sad-visaged yet benignant, o'er each heart

Impartial she her sable mantle throws,

O'er Sin's gloom-loving wanton treacherous dart,

The while o'ershadowing Virtue's snowy brows.

Oh kindly nurse of heaven, me rest I pray !

Shade with thy "trailing garments" through the hours !

Soothe with soft dew the fever of the day,

Lock mænad cares in heaven's secretest towers,

Grant sweet Nepenthe for all heart distresses !

Give dream prophetic, the worn soul that blesses !

B. W. N. GRIGG.

MORNING.

Until the Day-break.

Aurora rouses with maternal song

The nurselings of the night ; and, laughing, bends
Fair Promise with sweet flowers : close cloaked, along

With her a veiled Fate our couch attends.

Morning by morning we are born anew—

New from the womb of sleep—we thrill and wake—
Mazed—in an infant world, with natal dew

Upon the brow ; Morn's incensed-breath partake.

Who kens the burden of the day, the hour—

Mystic as space the moment next to come—

Who kens the reading of the fateful flower

Divines one omen for the feet that roam.

Make, oh my God, this fragment of the way

A spotless shadowing of the perfect Day.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

A WEEPING WILLOW IN GRIMSBY
CEMETERY.

Beneath the mossy bosom of the sod,

With slow and reverent hands, we laid to rest
Our loved ones side by side. Sweet thought of God

That raised thy head, child of our mother's breast !
Thy pendant frondlets droop so kindly o'er,

And sigh amid the sough of summer breeze ;
While softly surging wavelets on the shore
Are murmuring sweetly minor symphonies.

Kind sympathizer, burden-bearer, friend,

Love like an Autumn mist rests on thy leaves
In unshed tears ! with ours thy love doth blend,

While the fell Angel gathers up his sheaves.
Thy beauteous fringe, thy heavenly drapery,
The sleeper mantles as love's mystery.

O. G. LANGFORD.

ALMA MATER.*

The Cyprian artist mused. Close by his side
The sculptured fairy form his hand had wrought,
White, cold and still. Heartful and soul-distraught :
“ Pale beauteous death, mayst thou not live ? ” he cried.
Gazing in sweet expectance loveborn, wild :
“ O Aphrodite, pour the crimson tide,
Quicken my idol, may she be my bride ! ”
The snow-white ivory blushed, the maiden smiled.

So hath HE carved, by heavenly wisdom taught,
Not ivory, silver, but in beaten gold ;
God heard his prayer, and touched the task he plied,
Spoke into life what he in love had wrought.
Nations shall yet his myriad sons behold,—
Their Foster Mother his immortal bride.

O. G. LANGFORD.

* Written for Founder's Day, 1893.

IS THERE A FRIEND?

Is there a friend? one who may ken my heart,
The inner surge and swell, the pulsing pain,
The swelling tumult and the calm again,
Who will not break the secret I impart?

Is there a friend? in all the feigned array,
One sweet and sacred—where my faith may bide—
A bosom where my fevered head may hide—
Who will not spurn me in the weaker day?

Is there a friend? I fear, I hesitate,
“They seek their own,” suspicion crouching cold
Lies grim below. I fear the beck and nod
Of fawning friends whose soul is sad ingrate.
Man cannot long a loving friendship hold.
Be thou my constant friend, “strong Son of God!”

O. G. LANGFORD.

THE SUN.

O golden glory, banner of the world !

Long hast thou known the searching gaze of man,
Yet never, through thy history's unknown span,
Hast paled thy lustre nor thy splendors furred.

Earth shows her beauty 'neath thy brightening rays
And thrills man's soul anew with love and light.
The lily pale and "glowing violet"
By thy bright aid appease our longing gaze.

Without thee Earth were blank. But yet untold
Thy greatest mission ; for as, with shaded eye
And timid brow, the Moon doth thee unfold,
So thou, abashed, dost point to higher sky
Where dwells thy source, a brighter Sun, unfelt
Save by those who in God's pure light have knelt.

H. McNEILL.

F A M E .

I looked, and far upon a mountain height
 'Mid splendor rare of brilliant beauty cold,
 I saw a luring crown of flaming gold
Girt round with crags and peaks in garments white.
Could I but gain yon crown ! Climbing I might.
 I climb the steep and rugged pathway bold,
 Till in my eager grasp the crown I hold ;
Then down I look far through the fading light.

Lo, all the way was strewn with wrecks of those
 Who, toiling ever upward for the same,
Had perished, falling there amid the snows.

 I climbing over them had gained the crown.
And thus, when we would seek to make a name,
 God only knows what hopes we trample down.

JOHN F. VICKERT.

ACEDÉ.

By sleeping mere, by winding murmurous stream,
Which through the whispering reeds doth slowly steal,
Where all day long weird tones in stillness peal,
And stands the heron ever in a dream ;
In shady wood, where playful sun-shafts gleam
And drowsy insect-hum makes spirit reel
And totter to oblivion, I feel
A Presence strange and all things only seem.

O Muse, thy radiant form divine reveal !
Why e'er in witching wantonness dost veil
Thy beauty's grace ? For once thy burning glance
Transfixed me, and, O ecstasy ! didst seal
My spirit's eyes,—since, with wild longing pale,
I follow thee as ever in a trance.

H. T. DEWOLFE.

WONDER.

As speeding years were told, I came to know
The wings of boyish wonder weaker grown ;
The phantom clouds were only mists wind-blown,
Eve's sheaf of golden-shafted light a show,—
And oriflambs of dawn, and iris-bow ;
The mystery of tides and stars was flown,
The rose was clay, and life itself was known—
A bud whose secret was about to blow.

Again down through the gates of God to me
Swift wings each strange new day, and my soul wakes
At dusk aglow with awe-gleams morning gave,—
So living light hid in the leaden sea,
When boding darkness broods resplendent breaks
In stars and suns from out the bursting wave.

T. H. R.

A WAYSIDE RUIN.

A ruin quaint with purple lichens stained
And open wide to salt winds rough with rain,
O'er whose uncindered hearth have waxed and waned
A thousand moons yoked to the crested main ;
Whose leaning walls are propt with clinging vines,
Whose o'ergrown garden walks e'en yet disclose
Stalks of sweet briar and soft-winged columbines,—
A scene to stir the calmest mind's repose !

Ah, this was once a Home of trustful hearts,
Mother- and father-love were here unsealed,
Children's bright laughter blent with passing tears,
And the sweet ministries that love imparts
Found here alone their blessed balms which healed.
Alas, what stroke fell here in long dead years ?

T. H. R.

JUNE.

Now weave the winds to music of June's lyre

Their bowers of cloud whence odorous blooms are flung

Far down the dells and cedarn vales among,—

See, lowly plains, sky-touched, to heaven aspire !

Now flash the golden robin's plumes with fire,

The bobolink is bubbling o'er with song,

And leafy trees, æolian harps new-strung,

Murmur far notes blown from some starry choir.

My heart thrills like the wilding sap to flowers,

And leaps as a swoln brook in summer rain

Past meadows green to the great sea untold :

O month divine, all fresh from falling showers,

Waft, waft from open heaven thy balm for pain,

Life and sweet Earth are young, God grows not old !

T. H. R.

THE SEA UNDINE.

Exquisite thing soft cradled by the tide,
Sprung not from lathe or wheel or human wit,
Wonder of whorls which touch the infinite,
Frail shallop of some brave undine's white bride !

Within, the smooth and sheeny walls are dyed
With the pure pink of autumn dawns alit ;
Without, with stories of the deep o'er-writ,—
How fairy slight the thunderous seas to ride !

The massy tides gride over reef and ledge,
And sudden waves from fell Euroclydon
Dash to swift death the sailor in the Bay ;
But this, all lipt with pearl, and on the edge
Of doom—the fingers of a babe might slay—
Sleeps in the stressful surge at Blomidon.

T. H. R.

Minas Basin.

O LOVE-LIT HEART !

[AU REVOIR.]

O love-lit heart, my laureate of the night,
Unchiding, though the clouds veil deep the stars !
Thy heavenly patience evermore debars,
With angel pleadings, every path of flight
By which my tempted soul would leave the height ;
Thy earnest voice has accent caught from Mars—
Nay, not from him, but One who bears the scars
Of conflict sore, whose brows are crowned with light.

Now are the bridals of the leafy wood,
O'er dusky brooks the golden sunbars fall,
Birds fan the moonbeams in the balmy dark—
Look me ! the banners of the Holy Rood
Shake in the battle's roar ; sweet duty's call
Wings all my spirit like a soaring lark.

July.

T. H. R.

SEA FOG.

Here danced an hour ago a sapphire sea ;
Now, airy nothingness, wan spaces vast,
Pale draperies of the formless fog o'ercast,
And wreathèd waters gray with mystery !
The ship glides like a phantom silently,
As screams the white-winged gull before the mast ;
Weird elemental shapes go flitting past,
Which loom as giant ghosts above the quay.

The vapor lifts ! Again the sea gleams bright ;
The heavens have hid within their chambers far
Cloud-stuff of gossamer, from which are spun
To-morrow's skyey pomps inwove with light,
The belted splendors for the rising sun,
And rosy curtains for the evening star.

T. H. R.

IN THE MAYFLOWER COPSE.

With gladsome note the robin debonair

Heralds bright May. Pale sky and earth-stained snow

Warm at the touch of south winds as they blow

Their wafts of life through Winter's lingering air.

Hid, like some laughing child, shy Mayflower* fair,

Beneath thy leafy shield, with face aglow,

Thy pearly self the coy Spring's first tableau,

Come to the day and yield thy fragrance rare !

Ah me ! while thrushes pipe and plummy winds

Fan northward all their balmy fervors sweet,

And groves are misty with the reddening bud,

A gentle spirit from the past unbinds

The peace of Lethe, and with quickening beat

Stirs to divine unrest my fevered blood.

T. H. R.

* The Trailing Arbutus.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

ἦρος ἄγγελος ἡμερόφωνος ἀηδών.—Sappho.

O seraph bird who on God's altar-stairs
Dost ring, in showers of silver peals, thy bells
Of song which ceaseless flows like dropping-wells,
And sprinkles all the dusk with holy prayers !
O welkin glad, shot through and through with song,
As upward springs the spirit tipt with dame !
'Tis not to Itys dead nor Dian's shame
These joy-pangs with their hint of tears belong.

The life which pulses in the bursting year
A thousand choirs hymn on the sunlit globe ;
But, lest the living flame to ashes turn,
Thou, in the voiceless night, O priestly seer,
Interpreter of nature, tak'st thy robe,
And fill'st with vocal fire the sacred urn.

T. H. R.

THE VAST, ETERNAL!

The Vast, Eternal! these are living bread
To feed imagination all divine;
Yet doth the laboring soul by boundary line
Mark off the infinite in thought,—thus fled.
Forever doth the universal wed
The limited, that so it may define
And tell itself in characters that shine—
Like throbbing stars through boundless azure sped.

As rising waves, rich jewelled by the sun,
In movement link their brilliants each to each,
And flash their glories in one crest of light,
E'en so, unveiling, the Eternal One
Did show Himself by signs and glimmering speech,
Then flashed in Christ His love-lit glory bright.

T. H. R.

UNDER THE BEECHES.

The Sibyl's speech breaks from these leafen lips,
Moved by soft airs from shadowy spaces blown :
"We rear these giant boles amid eclipse,
We workmen die, the work abides alone."
The day has met the night beneath the sky,
And the hot earth put off its robe of flame ;
Sweet peace and rest come with the night-bird's cry,
Sweet rest and peace the herald stars proclaim. . . .

'Tis very heaven to taste the wells of sleep,
The founts of supersensuous repose ! . . .
The Sibyl's rune still murmurs on the breeze,
The purple night falls thick about the trees,
And blessed stars, like lilies, white and rose,
Burst into bloom on Heaven's far azure deep.

August.

T. H. R.

OTHER POEMS.

TO POESY.

I envy not the sordid clown who drives

His callous ploughshares through thy purple meads,—
Who in his sheaves sees all the breath of lives,
And counts that nothing worth that nothing feeds.

He better loves the lowing of his kine,

That in their stalls are fattening for the mart,
Than the strains wafted from thy shore divine—
That charm, and thrill, and melt the impassioned heart.

M. A. MAITLAND.

THE PASSING OF THE LAUREATE.

Three queens stood waiting by the summer sea,
Looking with eager faces to the west ;
Each bore within her hands rare flowers that bloom
Within the Valley of Avilion,
With wreaths of amaranth and golden wheat.
A barge, in answer to their earnest quest,
Draped in soft folds of violet and white,
Crossed by the rose-hue of the Queen of Love,
Came down the coast and floated at their feet.

The Queen of Love, with radiant face, and eyes
Long-lashed, like sapphires in a dewy mist,
Flung back the tawny gold of her loose hair
And lightly stepped upon the waiting barge ;
Then Vera drew the violet mantle round
Her dainty throat, and took her place beside
The Queen of Love.

The Lily Queen, white robed and starry eyed,
Flashed for a moment her white arm and stood

Beside her sisters, while the muffled oar
Parted the waters of the outer mere,
And the keel grated on the weeping sand.

The moon's light shimmered on a group who bare
Upon a bier the figure of a knight
Who had broke lance in field and tournament
From Camelot to Windsor's palaces,
Yet never tarnish dimmed his shining blade.
Upon the violet and white and rose
The queens spread out the garlands that they bore,
And as the mourners laid him at their feet,
The three fair women broke into a song :

“Do they call our warrior dead?
Is there weeping on the shore
Know they not for such as he
Death is life for evermore?

“Never truer knight we knew,
Had we sought one, vain the quest;
Love and Truth and Purity
Guard him to the promised rest.

“Larger life and broader view
Shall our King bestow on him ;
Eye to scan the star-gemmed blue,
Thought to pierce the utmost rim,

“Where far islands float the bloom
Of the broad-browed gracious trees,
Where the light of former days
Glimmers on the golden seas.”

But as the white boat glided o'er the mere
The song grew fainter, and I only heard
The lap of waters breaking at my feet,
And lonely whispers of the midnight wind.

IRENE ELDER MORTON.

FAIRY GLEN.

Hid in the virgin wilderness,
The fretted Conway's Fairy Glen
This summer day reveals its charms
For painter's brush or poet's pen.

The air is flecked with night and day,
The ground is tiger-dust and -gold,
The rocks and trees, empearled in haze,
A soft and far enchantment hold.

The place is peopled with shy winds
Whose fitful plumes waft dewy balm
From all the wildwood, and let fall
An incommunicable calm.

Through cleft rocks green with spray-wet moss,
Deep in the sweet wood's golden glooms,
The amber waters pulsing go,
With foam like creamy lily blooms.

Shuttles of shadow and of light
In-gleam and -gloom the watery woof
As rolls the endless stream away
Beneath the wind-swayed leafy roof.

So life's swift shuttles dart and play,
As ceaseless speeds its flashing loom ;
Our day is woven of sun and cloud,
A figured web of gold and gloom.

God's arbor, this enchanted Glen !
The air is sentient with His name ;
Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,
The trees are bursting into flame !

T. H. R.

WINTER.

When winter comes earth seeks repose,
And lest she feel the chilling storm,
God covers her with virgin snows,
And tucks them in to keep her warm.

That nothing may her rest disturb,
And hushed be cataract and rill,
God puts within their mouth his curb
Of mighty frost, and holds them still.

Yet all abroad, roused from their calm,
The unchained winds may sweep the sky ;
God weaves their notes into a psalm,
And bids them be earth's lullaby.

She sleeps her weariness away,
And when the hours their signal ring,
God marks unerringly the day,
And wakes her with the kiss of spring.

D. M. WELTON.

MARBOD'S

ORATIO AD DOMINUM.

(From the Latin.)

O Son of God incarnate,
High Heaven's eternal King,
Around our burdening sorrows
Thine arms of mercy fling.

To sin our nature leads us,
And dust to dust returns ;
Stay Thou, O Christ, the ruin
That all our efforts spurns.

For man, the seed of Adam,
What is he but a worm
Deserving death, defenceless
Against the coming storm ?

Deal not with him in anger
Whose nature is unclean ;
Do not, O God, condemn him
Who cannot keep from sin.

It were not meet, nor like Thee,
Strict justice to demand ;
For who, of hapless mortals,
Could 'gainst Thy thunder stand ?

As shadows or as vapors
Or driven chaff are we ;
Pity, O King of Heaven,
Pity our misery.

J. H. FARMER.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

Come happy morn, serene and fair,
With outstretched hand, thy breath a prayer :
Come with thy faintly smiling eyes,
And brow whereon majestic rise
Suns of eternal morn.

Come happy morn, for see, and hark !
A world lies waiting in the dark,
With throbbing heart and straining gaze,
To catch thy first up-springing rays,
Oh happy, happy morn !

The whispering stars will see it first,
From star to star the tidings burst—
Their paling faces earthward bowed,
While men and angels worship loud
The Christ who is the morn.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

*τὰ πάντα ἐν Χριστῷ συνέστηκεν.**

O Christ, in whom all things consist,
The everlasting bond of ease
In worlds around, in human thought,
In life and death's great mysteries !

To thee, their Master, open wide
The blinding chambers of the sun ;
And earth no flower has, but, lo !
Its hidden life and thine are one.

All that man is of mortal, Thou,
His weakness, his temptations, Thine ;
All that God is—yea, God himself
Is not more gloriously divine.

* McMaster University Legend : Col. i. 17.

Thy breath outgoing giveth life,
Returning, Lord of death Thou art ;
O welcome life—more welcome death
That draws us to th' eternal heart !

O Christ, without Thee who would dare
Truth's wildering quest with human powers !
But holding Thee who holdest all,
The mightiest truth of God is ours.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

Written for Founder's Day, 1882.

IN THE BAY.

The sun like a golden shuttle is flying
Straight through two webs of mist,
And sails coming in, and sails leaving harbor
Pattern what threads they list,
Till the sky is a cloth of flame :
In and out, in and out,
Till the sea grows over its frame :
And the sea and the sky, now low and now high,
Gleam each where the other hath lain.
But one saileth not, one ship stays in harbor,
Fast by the rotting quay ;
Her skeleton masts, her ropes hanging idle,
Like unto dead men be.
Sail thee, sail ! spread the sail !
While the sun still holdeth his way.
Out of sight, into sight,
But the sailing must never stay ;
For the sea and the sky
Will never come nigh
To ships lying home in the bay.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

SHADOW SPRITES.

From the wan, white open spaces
Fled the shadows to their shelter,
Huddled, frightened, 'neath the fir trees,
Till at dusk forthcoming, bolder,
From their darkened hiding places,
They emerge and fill the woodland
'Neath a moonless starry sky.

Sounds of music weirdly sighing,
Pulsing faintly, slowly dying
Into vibratory calm !
'Tis the weary wind a-moaning,
Softly crying, low intoning
Woes for which there is no balm.

See ! the shadows move to music ;
Slowly dance they in the starlight,
In the wan, wide-open spaces,
E'er responsive to the sighing
Of the weary, weary wind.

And the wind in anguish moaning,
Strikes with heavier, stronger fingers,
Stern upon the boughs of fir trees ;
Plaintive send they forth a sobbing,
Louder, swelling into shrieking ;
Fiercely crying through the woodland,
See the shadows wildly leaping !
Changed the gentle stately movement
Into wild and passionate leaping,
Till their shapes grow vague, fantastic,
In the moonless starlight night !

All exhaust the weird musician
Ceases more to strike forth music !
And the shadows wearied, wearied,
By their leaping wildly, madly,
Cease their dancing in the spaces
Just before the day is breaking ;
Ghostly whispering together
Stand they in the white wan spaces,
Till, affrighted by a sunbeam,
Flee they 'neath the wide fir branches—
'Neath the shelter of their night.

H. T. DEWOLFE.

MY SISTER.

Sister mine, what have I done,
Tell me this, beloved one,
Why should'st thou on this one day
Take thyself from me, I pray?
Could'st thou not contented live
With the love that I could give?
Be a sister to thy brother,
Take his love and ask no other?
Was it not enough for thee,
Pretty one, that thou should'st be
Cherished only in my heart?—
But another's now thou art.
Mingling with my cup of sadness,
True, thy joy will bring me gladness;
For I could not sad remain
Since true bliss thou dost obtain.
Go, my sweet one, to thy bliss,
Take thy brother's farewell kiss;

With this myrtle-tie to thee,
Heaven's richest blessing be !
If perchance some future day
Thou recall'st this eve of May,
Think my love is still as new
As when I bade thee this Adieu !

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

À VIRGINIE.

Si j'étais feuille d'automne,
Tout en restant ma personne,
Je m'en irais doucement,
Sur les ailes d'un grand vent,
A travers champs et vallons,
Tous les chemins m'étant bons,
Te cherchant toujours, mignonne,
Si j'étais feuille d'automne.

Bien audelà des verts monts,
Sans m' inquiéter des ponts,
Mais traversant à fleur d'eau
Rivière, lac et ruisseau,
Je poursuivrais mon voyage
Jusqu'en un beau grand village,
Te cherchant toujours, mignonne,
Si j'étais feuille d'automne.

Entraîné vers mes plaisirs,
Par tourbillons, par zéphirs,
J'irais trouver, ô bonheur !
Celle qui me rend rêveur.
Lorsqu' à ses pieds frissonnant,
Je l'entendrais soupirant,
Je lui dirais : Ma mignonne !
Si j'étais feuille d'automne.

Lorsque sa main douce, blanche,
Me ramassant un dimanche,
Me placerait, au serein,
Sur son coeur on sur son sein,
Le coeur rempli d'allégresse,
Je n'aurais plus de tristesse,
Car je verrais ma mignonne,
Si j'étais feuille d'automne.

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

A BIRTHDAY IN HEAVEN.

At dawn my soul, disconsolate,
Took flight and stood at Heaven's gate.
It opened, and an angel child
Was standing there. She sweetly smiled,
And said : " What wilt thou here, my friend ?
Dost come from earth ? This thy life's end ? "

" O, no ! sweet angel, no ! But say
If thou dost know our little May ;
And tell me, is she happy here ?
'Tis all I ask. Full many a tear
Of grief her mother's eye has filled,
E'er since her darling's voice was stilled.
We loved her so ! O ! tell me this,
That here she finds eternal bliss ! "

Then spoke the angel child : " Thy fears
Be calmed ; and all her mother's tears

Be dried. Her life is full of joy.
Such happiness naught can destroy.
And look, my friend ! within the gate !
How canst thou be disconsolate ?
Dost thou not see the children throng
That makes Heaven's arches ring with song ?
Dost ask me why ?—For thy dear May !
To us she's one year old to-day."

The gate was closed. I saw no more ;
And as I left th' immortal shore
My soul was comforted. And, pray,
Should I be sad ? In Heav'n to-day
The angels love our little May.

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

SKATER AND WOLVES.

RONDEAU.

Swifter the flight! Far, far, and high
The wild air shrieks its savage cry,
And all the earth is ghostly pale,
While the young skater, strong and hale,
Skims fearlessly the forest by.

Hush! shrieking blast, but wail and sigh!
Well sped, O skater, fly thee, fly!
Mild moon, let not thy glory fail!
Swifter the flight!

O, hush thee, storm! thou canst not vie
With that low summons, hoarse and dry.
He hears, and oh! his spirits quail,—
He laughs and sobs within the gale,
On, anywhere! He must not die,—
Swifter the flight!

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

PLAYMATES.

A wave was rippling across the sea
Lulled into laughter and melody,
Its dwarf drops of spray so careless and coy
The sunbeams flew after and kissed it for joy.

But the wave, crest-tossing, like him of the Ancients,
Shook them off with a bound of saucy impatience,
And sped light and swift, laughing softly in glee,
Over the musing, murmuring sea.

But its song soon ceased and silence came
Till the wave sigh'd sadly the sunbeams' name,
Then bitterly shivered, and shrank all-chilling
From a sinister thought the gulls were shrilling.

Now while it was speeding so swift along,
The sunbeams mourn'd for the sound of its song,
And flew pursuing, and caught it at last,
And embracing they in the horizon past.

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

THE PERPLEXED POET.

The poet shades his eyes in keen, wild longing,
And gazes out to sea,—
Afar the sparkling foam is swift upsmitten,
Lash'd into harmony.

“To-day,” the poet sighs, “I scarce can see it,
Gleaming in pallid strife,
Yon sail so big with purpose, seeking port in
Yet undiscovered Life.

“I see but dimly e'en the flashing foam-drops,
The breeze's voice is faint,
And too bewildered am I by the fading
To quell my spirit's 'plaint.”

.

Flitted the sail in shadow ;—then, upspringing,
Quivered in sudden glow,

Leaping the waters, flew towards the headland,—
How a poet's soul can grow !”

.

And now he sees the pure truth and the beauty
Of foam and wave and breeze,
And with the calm-eyed Pilot speaking softly
Sails o'er the steadfast seas.

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

NOW, AND THEN.

'Tis eventide !

Shadows deep and dark

Creep o'er the landscape ;

Silent the deep death darkness

Covers all

With his midnight pall.

I watch amid

The sable drapery of night,

And wait returning day ;

Darker and deeper yet,

And yet more still,

The hush has fallen

On Nature's rosy face,—

For deepest is the gloom

Before the dawn.

I wait ; I know
He will return ;
The shadows of the night
Will surely pass away,—
For I shall see His face,
And in the morning
Gaze with raptures wild
On Jesus.

So in the gathering gloom,
My soul, be still ;
The cloud shall break,
And, parting, shade
The light of yet
A brighter day.

O. G. LANGFORD.

SECRET SIN.

Within the secret temple of my heart
A little idol bides ;
No eye can see, and no one knows but He
In whom my soul confides.
For Jesus knows the windows of my soul,
And often looks within ;
He knows, but, pitying, keeps the secret well,
My darling sin.

He sees my idol, gently chides, and sighs :
That I should dare to keep
A treasure there that is not mine, but his ;
I only mourn and weep.
I told him I would give my heart to him ;
But then I did not know
How dear this idol might become to me,
I loved him so.

And he was gentleness itself to me ;
I scarcely ever dreamed
He could be jealous of my faltering love,
So dear to me he seemed ;

And now I grieve him every day ; for oft
In secret, silent hours
I steal within, before my goddess fall,
And offer flowers.

Lord Jesus, help me ! Take away my god,
I give it up to thee ;
It may be beautiful, my Lord, it is,
But it is not for me.
So take it from me, Lord. I cannot say
I willing let it go,
But make me willing e'er to do thy will ;
'Tis better so.

And I will learn to say, 'mid silent tears,
Teach me, O Lord, thy will ;
Fill thou the vacant space, my Saviour dear,
With thy sweet presence fill.
"Deal gently" with my little idol, Lord,
I own it is not mine ;
But take it to thyself, and for thy sake
I own it thine.

O. G. LANGFORD.

Beachville, Ontario, Can.

THE PERSPECTIVE OF YEARS.

I.

Midway in the journey of life, 'tis said,
The traveller pauses to rest :
He shadows his sight from the noonday sun,
And turns to the East and the West.
He turns to the East, where life's morning broke,
And down the long vista of years
He sees all the joys and the griefs, and notes
How little each one now appears.
That loss is diminish'd that filled his life,
And poison'd his moment of bliss ;
Until he can say, with a sigh, "That loss
Was hardly as bitter as this."
And still they recede, all the joys and the griefs,
The sins and their sorrow, in truth.
His eyes wander down the vista of years,
And the vanishing point is youth.

II.

Midway in the journey of life, 'tis said,
The traveller pauses to rest :
He shadows his sight from the noonday sun,
Then wearily turns to the West.
He looks thro' the vista of future years,
And riches and honor grow small ;
Ambition recedes, only love is left,
And hate is not found there at all.
And still they recede, and he shadows his sight
To centre the vision thus giv'n.
His eyes wander down the vista of years,
And the vanishing point is heav'n.

EVA ROSE YORK.

THE MAKING OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Nightingale ! thy lyre is old,
Framed in past æons yet untold
The strings that float thy liquid gold.

This fierce-beaked bird, limned in the stone,
Who heard its dying guttural moan ?
Who missed the giant undertone ?

God hushed that grating cry of thine—
Unready yet with lyric wine—
Imperfect yet to ears divine.

Lulled solemnly his lordly loom :
“ Some sweeter voice, some earth-wove plume,
Shall fill my house, and thrid night's gloom.”

Then re-began, with art divine,
New tints and tones to intertwine,
Till nightingales sang on the vine.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

THE PANTHEIST.

God is the boundless Sea ; and I one sobbing wave :
God is all Worlds ; and I, of stars—one, space to pave.

God is the Wand'ring Light ; and I one clouded vision :
God is all motion ; I a short, swift, lost transition.

God is the Heaven ; and I a skyward fluttering lark :
The Circle ; I a fragment of its shattered arc.

God is the Sweeping Wind ; and I one short drawn
breath.

My God is Life ; and I the play of " Life in Death."

B. W. N. GRIGG.

THE TELEPHONE.

I.

Speech is vibration : if the ear
Of man, half sensate, leagues away
Doth ken my whispers, heaven may
My prayer-borne joy and sorrow hear.

II.

The wavelets pebble-born that float
And lap at last the farthest shores,
Prove distance naught, that pearly doors
Ope to the suppliant's softest note.

III.

God hears, God answers o'er that azure sea
Whose ether waves responsive lave the strands
Of planet isles : worlds thus an infant's hands
May move, and heart strings of the Deity.

B. W. N. GRIGG.

δι αὐτῆς ἀποθανῶν ἔτι λαλεῖ.*

Heb. xi. 4.

I.

Tombs of the just are vocal with God's praise ;
Still breathes their dust, re-living former days.

Light golden glows from Joseph's garden tomb ;
Love's music flows from out its fancied gloom.

So the dead breathe new life into our creeds,
And the dead live ; live in our loves and deeds.

II.

As Abel's offering, swift-winged, reached the skies,
Up from this altar—love's thankoffering—rise
Matins and vespers mounting as oblations,
Filling heart-censers borne among the nations.

III.

"To Him who loved and washed us in His blood,
To Him who made us kings and priests to God,"
Acceptable this true life's offering ;
The coronal, fair and unfading, bring !

B. W. N. GRIGG.

* Written for Founder's Day, 1898.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

Love is music asleep ;
Music is love awake ;
His gold-tipped arrows make
No outer rings ; but deep
Within the heart meseems
Their spear-tips lie.

Music is love awake ;
Love is music asleep ;
Where the noon shadows creep,
And Lethean summers take
Heart-burdens off in dreams,
To "Bye and Bye."

B. W. N. GRIEG.

THE FROST-KING.

A forest tree moaned in the wind,
And shivered at each chilling blast,
And mourned its old gay dress of green,
And summer past.

All day the sleety rain hard beat
Upon its branches bare and cold,
And all day long it sighed in vain
For days of old.

At eventide, in silent flight,
The Frost-King passed the woodland by,
But paused a moment as he heard
The tearful cry.

“Ah! weeping that thou art not fair?
One touch shall hush thy grief to rest.”
So when the sun arose, it stood
In diamonds drest!

H. T.

CÉLESTE LUMIÈRE.

I.

Grand Dieu ! conduis moi dans la penombre

Oh ! conduis-moi,

Je suis seul et le chemin est sombre

Oh ! conduis-moi,

De mon sentier, je ne demande à voir

Qu'à chaque pas, pour remplir mon devoir.

II.

Je n'ai jamais en toi voulu croire,

Oh ! conduis-moi,

Toujours je cherchais la vaine gloire,

Oh ! conduis-moi,

Je viens à toi contrit, mais sans frayeur,

Pardonne mon passé, O mon Sauveur.

III.

Tu m'as fait jouir de ta présence,

Oh ! conduis-moi,

Je suis heureux, plein de confiance.

Oh ! conduis-moi,

Souvent les anges aux regards radieux
M'appellent, vers les demeures des cieux.

IV.

Cependant, sur l'épineuse route,
 Suivant tes pas,
Comme un enfant qui jamais ne doute ;
 Prenant ton bras
J'irai jouir au céleste séjour
Acquit par toi, mon Sauveur, pour toujours.

S. D. P.

MY AIN LAND.

O, for a sicht o' my ain land,
Wi' its forests sae gran' an' fair!
For a smell o' the fields in hay-time,
My heart is unco sair.

O, for the soonds o' my ain land !
Its speech sae familiar and plain,
That's prattled wi' rosy cheecked children—
I'm list'ning for't fu' fain.

O, for the blue lakes glistening
Under skies sae flashing and bricht,
That coyly return the shy glances
O' the bashful moon by nicht.

Fair Canada may look desolate
In winter sae rugged and cauld,
But, oh, for a whiff o' her fresh air,
As in the days o' auld.

R. GARSIDE.

QUEST.

I thought to know thee. Life, and so have sought,
Vowed resolute ! How vain ! Thou, unrevealed,
Mockedst ! Befooling, flitting, fading glimpse
Enticed,—I strove, failed, found thee worse concealed.

Assayed the task again,—sped, halted, searched
Unswerving, ardent,—ah, but failing ! Faint
Love's liegemen found the burden, lifted, laid
At feet of their dear Tyrant, who the taint
Of trouble sent. Revived, I told the strife,—
Love smiled and beckon'd softly. "Hither, Life !"

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

BUNYAN.

Colossal one, whose rugged features glow

As some far peak above the cloud that lowers,
The gates of Hell, like Danté, thou didst know ;
God did not play with thee, nor thou with men,

Beloved seer of life's advancing hours,
Divinest soul denied the poet's pen !

T. H. R.

TO T. T.

I said, "What if my sickness be to death !"

The thought fell sudden as the lightning's stroke,
And shook my calm to tears without surcease ;
Lo, in my heart, as soft as angel's breath,
The thought, "My babe, our babe, I'll see," awoke,
And all my soul was lapt in God's great peace.

T. H. R.

RECOGNITION.

Yes ! when within the heavenly homes shall meet
Souls whose communings touch the earth-lived years,
Some winged word set free, like carrier dove,
Some glance or tone, shall bear its message fleet,
And wake in one glad moment sweetest tears,
As blissful rain, from long pent hearts of love.

T. H. R.

BEN SHALOM.

Ben Shalom read one night from out a roll :

“ Vessel of honor ! consecrate ! (‘ O soul ! ’)
Prepared for every worthy work ! and meet
For the Master’s use ! ”

And, finger on scroll,
He prayed aloud : “ Make me His silvern bowl ! ”
Lo ! Emeth at his side, God’s angel fleet :
“ Yea, in His mansion here ; and when unfold
The everlasting doors, chalice of gold,
Brimming with His great love—heaven’s vintage
sweet ! ”

T. H. R.

GOD'S PAINTING.

As if all human art to shame,
The forest banners far and wide,
God decorates with gold and flame
And waves them on the mountain side.

D. M. W.

RESENTMENT.

The ocean bursts in very wrath,
The waters rush and whirl,
As the hardy diver cleaves a path
Down to the treasur'd pearl.

G. HERBERT CLARKE.

e.

W.